

AMINTAS

A

PASTORAL

Acted at the

Theatre Royal.

First Edition.

Made English out of Italian from the *Aminia* of Tasso.

By Mr. OLDMIXON.

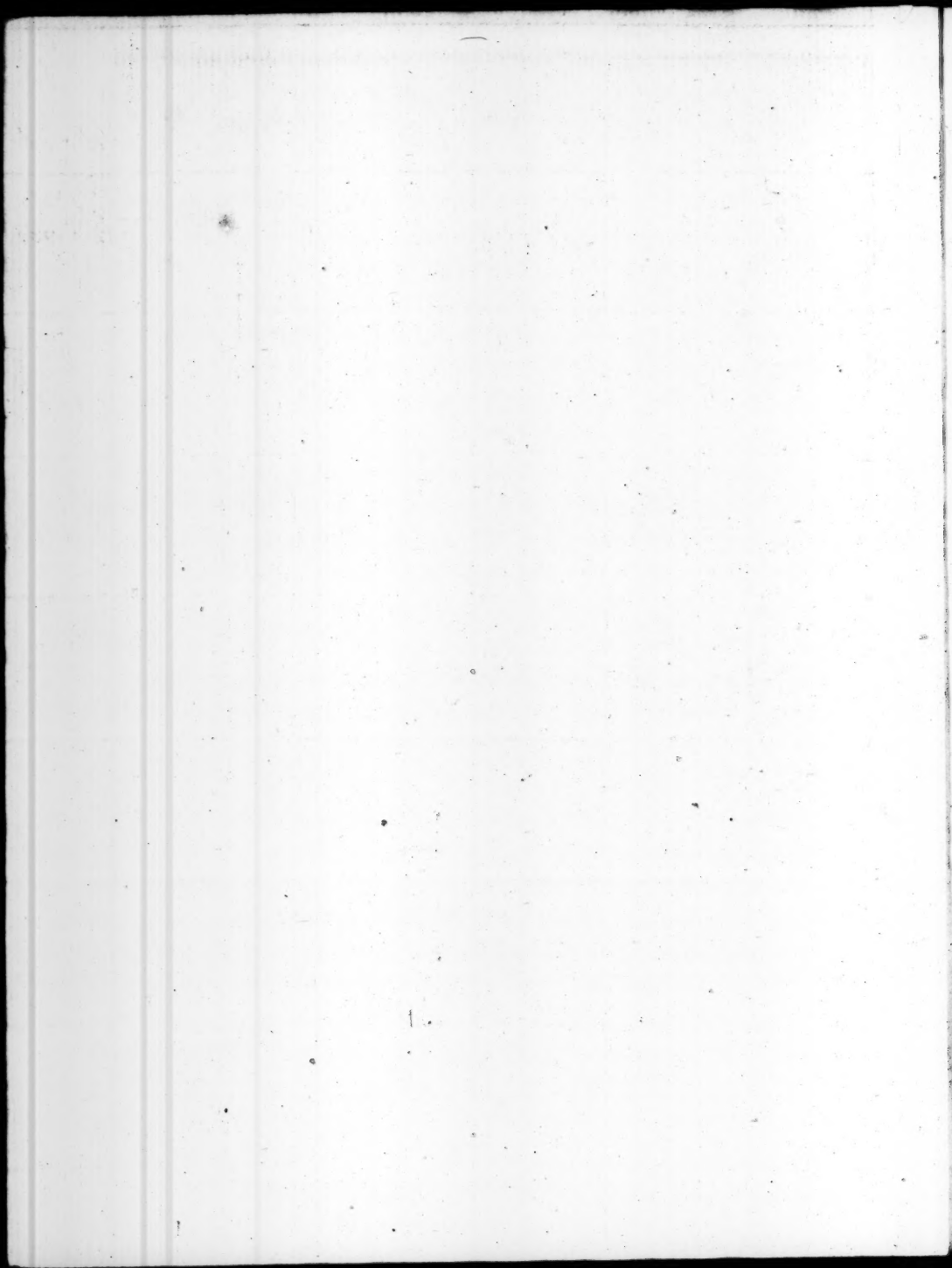
*— mihi parca rursus &
Spiritus Graia tenues Canone
Parca non mendax docet & malignus
Spernere Poeta.*

HOR.

LONDON,

Printed for Rich. Parker, at the Theatre, under the
Piazza of the Royal Exchange in Cornhill. 1698.

226
Collected
&
Perfect.
1792.



THE PREFACE

I Was not surpriz'd my self at the success of this Pastoral; I confess my Friends thought the Town would have been kinder to it, and I was once almost tempted to be of their opinion; but the knowledge I have had of the disposition of an Audience towards such things, kept me from expecting any very good usage from 'em. 'Twas indeed unreasonable for me to hope they would be pleas'd with a person who had consulted their pleasure no more than I did.

If the Pastoral had been entirely my own, they would, I suppose, have shewn their resentments some other way, and not have been contented with neglecting it. They avoided it because they were afraid to condemn it boldly, lest they should make themselves ridiculous. For some, who never read any of Tasso's writings, have heard so much of their excellence, that they durst not appear openly against it; and it must be very uneasy for them to see a Play, which they are engag'd not to commend, and yet can't take the liberty to condemn, without exposing their own judgments. However, there were others who could not be restrain'd, and 'twas in vain to tell 'em they should be cautious in their censures of a Poem, which has been admir'd so many ages. A Poem, which the Great Tasso prefer'd to his Gierusalemme. In which the most beautiful thoughts of the Ancients (in this kind) are to be found; and which all that knew anything of the Author, or his Writings, think the best he ever writ: A Poem, which the Learned Monsieur Menage thought worth his remarks; of which Pastor Fido is but an Imperfect Copy; Tho' for that very reason it met with dis-

A

serent

The Preface.

ferent treatment on our Theatre; for the Characters there, which never fail'd pleasing an Audience, are unnatural and monstrous. But there looks something in Pastor Fido like Intrigue, which will always have a good effect, where people are so fond of Gallantry, that they will not suffer so much as a Shepherd to appear without it.

I can't imagine what was said lately, with too much severity, that the *Shepherds Calendar* excels the *Aminta*, prejudic'd the world against it; or that any body who have read it, will think *Spencer's Pastoral* equal to *Tasso's*. Is there any thing in *Spencer's* comparable to the story of the Bee in the first Act, or the account which *Daphne* gives of *Sylvia's* admiring herself in the Fountain, in the second Act of the *Aminta*. Some persons (and among the rest *Father Bouhours*) have accus'd this last thought of too much affectation, and fancy 'tis not natural enough for a Shepherdess; but as *Monsieur Fontenelle* observes, if this is a fault, we may spare our selves the trouble of reading *Guarini*, *Bonarelli*, and *Marino*. For this very thought of *Sylvia's*, in comparison of the best of theirs, is the most simple thing in the world; and he adds in the next sentence, that the *Aminta* is indisputably the best Pastoral which Italy has produc'd, and every one abroad is of his opinion.

I am sensible many of the original Graces must be lost, our Language wants too much of the softness of the Italian, to render it equally beautiful in English; But I hope few of his thoughts have escap'd me; and *Monsieur St. Evermont*, who confesses he is not a perfect Master of the Tongue, says the delicacy of thought in the *Aminta* has touch'd him so much, that he believes there never was an Italian more pleas'd with it. My Judges, who perhaps are not all as good Critics as he is, not expecting any thing like this in the Pastoral, were very far from his sentiments, and did not mistrust that there could be a thought in it too delicate for them. 'Twould be an affront to their taste to think it was not nice enough to perceive the Beauties, which almost every page of *Tasso* is full of; and I know they will not believe all that this Gentleman has said some where else, that there is no Country in Europe where the Men have more Courage, the Women more Beauty, and both more Wit than in England; but then there is no place where a good taste is so rarely to be met with. If they could have agreed to this, they had

The Preface.

had not been so forward in censuring Amintas, lest they might by chance make a wrong judgment, which very often falls out. They were not now long consulting what to do with it, but whether they understood it or not, they were positive there was nothing in it, and most judiciously condemn'd what happens to be in the Original, the best thing of the kind that ever was. or I believe ever will be written. There was no need of saying so much to vindicate Tasso, his reputation is fix'd, and 'tis not in the power of Malice or Ignorance to injure it. As for the Translation, if there are any mistakes in it to the Authors prejudice, I deserve to be blam'd, but tho I have heard the Conduct of the Play, the measure of the Verse, and the management of the Representation accus'd, yet none, as I know of, have laid any thing to my charge on that account. If they had, I should have taken this opportunity to confess my errors or answer their objections. The Conduct of this Pastoral is the same as I found it, (except in the last Act, which I was oblig'd to alter) and I may therefore affirm the most correct that ever was seen on an English Theatre. If there had been intrigue, a great deal of stir, and something else in it, it had been more acceptable perhaps to those whose protection I desir'd, and whose pleasure I chiefly design'd: but I was mistaken, and since I endeavour to please them in every thing I write, I shall next time avoid that unpardonable Crime, which ruin'd Amintas on the Stage, and not venture so much on their complaisance for the future.

There are few who consider the nature of Pastoral, that the Action ought to be simple, the Passions tender, and the Sentiments such, as are suitable to people bred up in ease and innocence. The nearer a man comes to this rule, the more perfect will his writings of this kind be: but the age is not yet prepar'd to be diverted with anything simple, easie and innocent; and it may 'thad been prudence in me to have waited till some person should have attempted to please it this way, whose name might have given an authority to such an Innovation. Tho 'tis to be fear'd, those who have rais'd their Characters by Licentiousness and Irregularity, will not hazard losing 'em by writing correctly and decently; and yet many of 'em are so well settled in the good opinion of the publick, that whatever they should promote would infallibly succeed. And it may not be improper to observe here, what an influence Fame has
over

THE PREFACE.

on Certain Authors, who, having grown popular with their Fustian and Nonsense, have in time deserv'd by writing well, the Reputation their ill Verses acquir'd 'em; illusage has frequently the contrary effect, and such as have done well, when they have not met with the applause they deserv'd, by endeavouring after to do better, have made the first judgments that were made of 'em just.

Some think the measure of the Verse too short, but Tasso drew me in to this Error, if 'tis one, for since he thought the Italian, which is the sweetest Language in the World, wanted to be made yet more soft by the shortness of the measure; I believ'd the English Heroick would be too Majestick, and not so agreeable to the great simplicity which should every where appear in a Pastoral, as Verse of seven or eight Syllables.

The management of the representation, particularly that part on't which I undertook, was very ill contriv'd. The small acquaintance I have had with such things did not qualify me to undertake what I did, and the success was answerable to the contrivance. I suppose every part of the Representation might have been order'd to more advantage, tho the Actors perform'd theirs as well as could be expected, and I question if any other Company would have done it better. But be the Management or the Action what it will, I am satisfy'd nothing could have drawn an audience to it, when once they had heard what they were to be entertain'd with, and that their attention was required for three hours without one jest to divert 'em. I saw this the first night, and should have been much more discourag'd if some men of sense, whose judgments I can safely depend on, had not assur'd me that there was no reason for't, and that they could not without resentment, see the partiality of several persons, which might have been employ'd to more purpose against others, who Court their applause, and value their opinion more than I can.

SHEP-

S H E P H E R D S.

*Amintas,
Thyrsis,
Elpinus,
Ergastus,
Alfibeus.*

S H E P H E R D E S S E S.

*Sylvia,
Daphne,
Nerina.*

Chorus of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

P R O L O G U E.

Written by Mr. Dennis.

THis Play's no English product, but with toil,
Imported from a richer nobler Soil.
Then judge not rashly what, in better times,
Great Tasso's Genius writ to warmer climes.
They, who like Nature, may suppose it good,
Tho Nature but by few is understood;
She never is but by reflection seen,
And few are bold enough to look within.
As when a thoughtful man forsakes the Town,
And to some Country Solitude goes down,
With more than common pleasure he beholds
The Woods, the Lawns, the Valleys, and the Folds
Natures bright Beauties every where he meets,
His Soul, which long had been confin'd in streets,
With Rapture now her kindred objects greets.
These rural Scenes like pleasure may impart
To those who value Nature more than Art,
And who have Souls to taste the Language of the Heart.

2
3
4
5

EPILOGUE.

OUr Author was afraid to have his Cause
Come before Judges who dispence with Laws.
For those he sees, are always kind to Fools,
But most severe to such as write by Rules.
They hate ev'n Nature too as much as Art,
And nothing but what's monstrous will divert.
Those Plays alone, that make 'em Laugh, delight,
Where folly oft succeeds as well as Wit.
So merry in their humours, we can scarce
Engage 'em now with any thing but Farce.
What hopes then that our serious Scenes will do?
They'll hardly spare 'em for their being new;
Their Novelty perhaps will give offence,
But above all we dread their Innocence;
Unless the Fair in their defence appear,
From whom, we hope, we have the least to fear:
Love, Pity, Innocence, of right belong
To those to judge of, who inspir'd the Song.
And if some persons fancy Farces best
Because their own dear Pictures make the Jest;
The fair have much more reason to esteem
The beauteous Images we draw from them.
To them the Sovereign Arbiters of Wit,
Our Author only would his Cause submit,
Whatere their censures are, he'll not presume
To think 'em hard, nor murmur at his doom.
As for the Criticks, tho he cannot trust
That they'll be either merciful or just,
Yet if this Play is by the Ladies lik'd,
He thinks they're too well bred to contradict.

Aminatas, a Pastoral.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Daphne, Sylvia.

Daphne. **S***ylvia*, will you still persist
In this strange disgust of Love?

Will you still refuse to hear
Our Shepherds sighs, and scorn their tears?
But if sighs and tears in vain
Attempt to move your cruel heart,
Merhinks the hopes that you might have
To see a lovely Infant smile,
And call you Mother, should succeed:
Change, foolish Creature, change your thoughts,
And be not constant to a Crime.

Sylvia. Let others, if they please, be mov'd
With sighs and tears, and take delight
To play with Love: I'll never quit
The Forests, never leave the Chase,
Whilst Beasts of prey are to be found.
I'll range the Woods, I'll scour the Plains,
And with my Bow and Quiver find
A better way to nobler sport.

Daphne. Dull sport, and an insipid life!
You *Sylvia*, stubborn as thou art,
Will think so too, when you begin
To taste the sweets of Love.

' So the first people, who possess
' In Innocence the Infant World,
' Fed on Acorns, and when dry
' Drank the Waters of the Brook:
' Beasts only now on Acorns feed
' And drink the Waters of the Brook:

B

And

' And thus when you at last shall feel
 ' How pleasant 'tis beneath a shade,
 ' To sit and talk with one you love:
 Then, *Sylvia*, you'll repent and cry,
 Ah, fool! I never lov'd till now.

You'll throw away your Arrows, break your Bow,
 And curse the minutes you have lost.
 Change, foolish Creature, change your thoughts,
 And be not constant to a Crime.

Sylvia. When I sit and talk of Love,
 Dogs shall be afraid of Hares,
 Wolves of Lambs, and Streams return
 To the Fountains whence they rose;
 Bears shall then the Forests leave,
 And Dolphins dance about the Plains.

Daphne. I know your pride, for I was once
 Wild and obstinate, like you.

' I was then as fair, my Locks
 ' As white as yours, my Lips as red:
 ' Such Roses and such Lillies grac'd
 ' My Cheeks, as flourish now on yours:
 ' 'Twas then (so stupid was my taste)
 ' The darling pleasure of my life,
 ' To set my Lime-twigs, lay my Nets,
 ' And laugh as often as I saw
 ' The Birds entangled in my Snares.

I then delighted in the Chase,
 And scorn'd, with savage modesty,
 The Shepherds whom my Charms had conquer'd:
 I was then so far unjust,

As once to think it cause enough
 To hate 'em for their loving me;
 And pleasing them displeas'd my self:
 But oh! what will not time effect;

What will not services and sighs,
 Desert, entreaties, truth and tears?

What, *Sylvia*, will not all these do?

Sylvia, Nothing with a mind resolv'd

Amintas, a Pastoral.

3

Against their flatteries, like mine.

Daphne. Mistaken Maid!

They'll master every stubborn thought,

And force our hearts to think of Love.

I know it by my self, for I have felt,

And must confess their power.

They tempted me to tear my Nets,

Neglect my Lime-twigs, break my Bow,

And fling my Arrows in the Air.

I cry'd there, there, *Diana*, take

These useless Weapons, I renounce

The Woods and all thy sports for Love.

Sylvia. Renounce 'em by your self and as for me —

Daphne. Who knows, *Amintas* may in time

Convert even thee to do as much :

Is he not handsom ? Can you see

A comelier youth in all the plain?

If you're related to the Gods.

Amintas is deriv'd from *Pan* :

You oft have *Amarillis* seen,

And in some Fountain may compare

Her beauties with your own.

The difference, *Sylvia*, is not great.

Yet poor *Amintas* shuns her smiles,

To follow your contempt and you ;

And for your hate despises Love.

But think it may not still be thus,

Think when her Beauties or her smiles

Have toucht his heart, they'll laugh at yours,

And make a jest of thy disdain.

Sylv. Where e're he pleases let him love,

And Court what Maid he will but me.

I'll ne're be troubled with his heart,

Nor give him any hopes of mine.

Daphne. What makes you hate him thus ?

Sylv. His love.

Daphne. 'Ah cruelty ! we might expect

' That Ravens would be born of Swans,

'Of Tygers Lambs, as well as thou
'From tender Parents be deriv'd.

Sylv. I hate his Love because he hates
What I love most, a Maiden life.
While friendship only warm'd his Soul,
None could esteem him more than I.

Dap. You'd have him then confine his wishes,
To as narrow bounds as yours.
He less deserves to be condemn'd
For wishing much,
Than you do for not wishing more.

Syl. *Daphne*, Peace, or if you'll talk,
Prithce talk of something else.

Dap. Suppose another Swain should court ye,
Would you, *Sylvia* use him thus.

Syl. Thus every one that dares attempt
To interrupt me in my sports,
And he that talks of Love to me,
I'll use him as he is, my Foe.

Dap. You may, *Sylvia*, then suppose
Turtles to their Mates are foes,
When the Birds begin to sing,
You may think they hate the Spring:
You may, if you please, suppose,
Nature and the Spring are foes,
That its pregnant heats create
Flowers, Plants, and Fruit in hate.

But if you observe, you find
Every thing to Love inclin'd
Doves in gentle whispers woo
Their tender Mates, and bill and coo.
The Nightingale flies round the Grove,
And sings on every Bough *I love*:
Beasts by nature fierce and wild,
Become, when Love commands 'em, mild.
The Lyon, Wolf, the Tyger, Bear,
Less cruel, *Sylvia*, than you are,
In Savage murmurs Love declare.

Aminas, a Pastoral.

5

E'en Trees their amorous branches join,
The Ivy fondly clasps the Vine,
And her kind embraces shew,
What you to Love and Nature owe:
Change, foolish Creature, change your thoughts,
And be not constant to a Crime.

Syl. If Beasts, if Trees, or Ivy shew,
What Love and Nature bid me do,
I'll tarry till they tell me so.

Daph. You mock me, *Sylvia*, have a care
How you make a jest of Love:
The time will come when you'll repent,
For laughing at my Counsel now.
When wrinkles shrivel up your brow:
When the clear Fountains you will shun,
Where now you take too much delight,
To view your Beauties; where you gaze
Whole hours with pleasure on that face,
Which then you'll be afraid to see.
Then, *Sylvia*, you'll repent in vain.
You did not follow my advice.
Have you forgot, or never heard
What wise *Elpinus* told the fair,
The cruel *Lycoris*, whose eyes
Are not more charming than his voice?
Have you forgot it, *Sylvia*?

Sylvia. I know not what you mean.

Daph. 'Tis strange:
'Twas in *Aurora's* awful Cave,
'O're whose mouth are writ these words,
'Hence, hence, O ye Profane!

Battus and *Thyrfis* being by,
He told her what he learnt from him,
Who sung so well of War and Love,
And left him when he dy'd, his Pipe;
That there's a place among the damn'd,
Where all ungrateful Beauties live,
Tormented with eternal fires:

The

The Gods being careful to revenge
 Their Lovers wrongs; and 'tis but just
 That pain should melt 'em into tears,
 Since pity could not touch their hearts.

'Think, think on this, and if you dare,
 'Persist, O Fool, in thy disdain.

'*Sylvia.* And what said *Lycoris* to this?

'*Daph.* You're fond to know anothers thoughts,
 'But will not change your own. She seem'd
 'Convinc'd, and answer'd with her eyes.

'*Syl.* What? answer with her Eyes! Pray tell me how.

'*Daph.* She smil'd, and turning to the Swain,
 'In her kind looks she seem'd to say,
 'I'm conquer'd; take the heart you begg'd,
 'You cannot wish for more.
 'She seem'd to say it, and 't had been enough,
 'If men might venture to believe,
 'Or trust the Language of the eyes.

'*Syl.* Why did he not believe it?

'*Daph.* Have you not read what *Thyrsis* wrote?
 'In yonder Wood, where sorrow led
 'His wandering steps? The Nymphs and Swains
 'Laught at, and pity'd him, to see
 'The foolish things he often did,
 'In many of his amorous fits:
 'Yet foolish as his actions seem'd,
 'His words were sensible; and none
 'Have cause to laugh at what he wrote.

'*Deceitful Glafs, where oft I see*

'*False glances to deceive me,*

'*The Heart must with the Eyes agree,*

'*Or they will ne're relieve me.*

'*When dying Looks and smiles I meet,*

'*I'm still afraid of Treason,*

'*But Love, to help 'em in the Cheat,*

'*Deprives me of my Reason.*

'He Grav'd 'em on a thousand Trees;

'And Nature, careful of his sense,

'Pre-

' Preserves his Verses free from storms,
' And makes 'em flourish in the Bark.

Syl. Daphne, we fool away the day
In idle talk; 'tis time for me
To be provided for my Sport.

First then I'll to the lonely Brook,
Which glides thro' yon delicious Wood,
And bath me in the Crystal stream;
There playing with the waves a while,
I grow refresh'd, and with new life,
Rise from the Waters to the Chace.

Daph. 'Tis early, I must first go home,
I'll meet you after at the Brook,
And bath me with you, if you please.
But, *Sylvia*, think on what I've said,
Tis of more consequence than Brooks,
Or Dogs, or Forests, or your Game;
And if you know not yet what 'tis
To love, ah! learn of those that do:
Love of all pleasures is the best,
And none can be without it blest.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Amintas, Thyrsu.

Amin. I've often found that Rocks and Waves.
Have answer'd my complaint: But oh!
I never found, nor hope to find
The Nymph, whom I've so long ador'd,
As gentle ev'n as Rocks and Waves.
Is she a Woman? One may well suspect
If she's of humane race, and yet I see
Her beautiful and young, her form
Of such a mould, so soft, so sweet,
That 'twere impossible to think
It lodg'd a Soul averse to Love.
If to my cost I had not found

That:

That things inanimate are less
Insensible of pity than her heart.

Thyrsis. Lambs feed on Grass, and Wolves on Lambs,
They're satisfy'd in time; but Love,
Who feeds on Tears, is never satisfy'd.

Amin. If Tears cou'd glut his appetite,
He had been surfeited e're this :
Or if the Virgin cou'd be mov'd
With Seas of Tears I had been blest :
No, they both hunger after Blood,
And I resolve to give 'em mine.

Thyr. Ah! why, *Amintas*, will you talk
Of Blood? If she is so severe,
Are there not other Maids as young,
As fair as she? Look out and try,
Another Beauty may be kind.

Amin. Where shall I look, or how expect to find?
A Maid to please me, when I've lost my self.

Thyr. Don't flatter your despair, but hope
This cruel fair may yield at last ;
Lyons and Tygers may be tam'd,
And she you Love with Love be overcome.

Amin. But who so wretched, who so near
To death as I am, can be pleas'd
With Life, or bear the torment long?

Thyr. The torment will not be so long
As you suspect, for Womens minds
Are movable, like Aspin-leaves ;
And what they may this minute hate,
They'll love the next. But say, my friend,
Where lives? and who's this haughty Maid,
That treats *Amintas* with such scorn?
You've told me often that you love,
But never told me whom : be free,
And open all your heart, without reserve.

Amin. Well, you shall hear what every Wood,
What all our Hills and Streams have heard,
But no Man ever knew before ;

Amintas, a Pastoral.

91

'Tis fit now I'm so near the Grave,
Some friend should know the fatal cause,
- And write my sorrows on the Tomb,
Where my pale body shall be laid,
That every passenger may read
My fate, and she for whom I dye
Be pleas'd to triumph o're my dust:
It may be when she sees how far
Despair has carry'd me, the thought
(And yet I fear I hope too much)
Will fetch a sigh, or force a tear;
And make her pity me, and wish
That poor *Amintas* were alive.
Hear then —

Thyr. I hearken: and perhaps
For better ends than you suppose.

Amin. While I was yet a little Boy,
Scarce tall enough to reach a Bough,
Or pluck an Apple from a Tree,
I felt my heart engag'd to love
The fairest Creature ever liv'd;
Sylvia, the glory of the Woods,
Montano's and *Cydippe's* Daughter:
Sylvia, whose beauty, mien and youth,
Charm every heart as well as mine;
Our Houses joyn'd, but were not half
So close united as our Hearts:
Two Friends ne're lov'd as we did then;
Two Turtles ne're so fondly sought
Each others company, as we did;
Our pleasures with our years agreed,
The same diversions suited both;
We sometimes Hunted, sometimes Fish'd,
Sometimes we laid our Nets for Birds,
And always shar'd the Game we caught.
But while we pleasantly pursu'd
Our mutual sports, alas! I felt

C

Strange

Strange wishes growing in my heart :
 Like Flow'rs that on a sudden spring
 From beds where they were never set:
 When're we parted now I wept
 For grief, and when we met, for joy.
 I suckt in poison from her eyes,
 Which seem'd delicious to the taste,
 But left a bitter smart behind.
 I saw her now with new delight;
 I found new Graces in her face;
 I often sigh'd, but knew not why;
 I lov'd, but did not know 'twas love,
 Till chance discover'd it.

Thyr. Pray how?

Amin. *Sylvia*, *Phillis*, and my self,
 Sitting underneath a Shade,
 Saw a Bee fly round the bank,
 Gathering Honey from the Flow'rs.
 Which adorn'd our happy seat:
 Weary'd there, he fled to us,
 Pitcht on *Phillis*, who has Cheeks
 Fairer, sweeter than the Rose,
 Fancying every Grace a Flow'r,
 There he hung a while, and suckt:
 Sweets much richer than his own!
Phillis wept to feel the smart;
Sylvia bid her weep no more,
 E, she crys, can say a Charm,
 That will quickly give you ease:
 'Tis a Secret which I learnt
 Of wise *Aricia*, to whom
 For her Art I gave my Horn,
 Tipt with Ivory and Gold.
 Then she put her fragrant Lips
 To the Cheek the Bee had stung,
 Said some Verses o're the Wound,
 And as soon as *Sylvia* spoke,
Phillis felt the pain no more.

See the wonderful effects,
See the force of Magic words,
Or, what I would rather think,
See what *Sylvia's* Lips can do,
Every thing they touch they heal.

Thyr. How, *Aminas*, could you find
Love had wounded you by this?

Amin. I till this desir'd no more
Than to see her radiant Eyes,
Or to listen to her Voice,
Soft as Rivulets that glide
Murmuring thro our smiling Vales;
Soft as *Zephyr's* evening breath,
Playing with the Leaves of Trees:
But as soon as I observ'd
What her Lips had lately done,
Then I wish'd 'em close to mine,
And, I know not how, contriv'd
Ways to taste of what I wish'd.

Thyr. None want artifice to gain
What they covet to possess;
All are cunning when in love.

Amin. I, to touch her rosy mouth,
Feign'd a Bee had stung me too;
And complain'd with such an air,
That it seem'd to beg the Cure,
Which my tongue cou'd ne'r have askt.
Sylvia kindly did to me
What she had to *Phillis* done,
And her Lips thus fix'd to mine,
Cur'd the counterfeited smart,
But encreast my real pain.

Bees sure never from their Flow'rs
Drew such Honey as I suckt
From my *Sylvia's* humid kisses.
Sure no Roses but what grow
On her Lips can yield such sweets.
Tho my pleasure was disturb'd

By my shame, and guilty fears :
 Yet I counterfeited still,
 And by this deceit prevail'd
 O're her to repeat the Charm.
 Something sweet from ev'ry kiss,
 Mixt with poyson, struck my heart;
 Which at last grew so inflam'd,
 That when once we met to play,
 With some other Nymphs and Swains,
 I, just dying with my fears,
 Softly whisper'd her, *I Love*.

Thyr. How did *Sylvia* take the news?
 That you seem so much concern'd.

Amin. Soon her fiery blushes shew'd
 Both her anger and her shame ;
 She stood silent, but I read
 By her silence what she meant;
 That she never wou'd forgive me:
 Now she flies me, and will since
 Not so much as hear me speak.
 Thrice our Golden Fields have bent
 Under their rich loads, and thrice
 Winter has with nipping frosts
 Made our Groves and Forests bare,
 Since I've try'd a thousand ways
 To appease her, but I find
 Death can only calm her rage.
 Death shall calm her then, my blood
 Shall appease her for my fault.
 I could dye, methinks, with joy,
 Were I sure my Death would make her
 Either sorrowful or glad ;
 And I know not which to wish:
 Yes, her Pity would reward
 All my sufferings, and shew
 What my Constancy deserv'd.
 Yet, ah ! why should I desire
 That her beauteous Eyes should weep,

Amintas, a Pastoral.

13

Or her Rest be lost for me ?

Thyr. Oh ! could she hear such killing words,
Such just complaints, 'twould melt her heart,
And make her pity ye.

Amin. I fear it.

But were she sensible of pity,
She flies, and will not hear me speak :
What hopes then that my just complaints
Will melt her heart, that must not reach her ear ?

Thyr. Cease, cease your grief, I'll plead your Cause,
Perhaps my Reasons may succeed,
And something promises they will,
If you would not despair.

Amin. I've reason to despair for ever.

'Sage *Mopsus* has foretold my fate :

'*Mopsus*, who understands so well

'The virtues of all Herbs and Drugs ;

'Who by long study has acquir'd

'To know things past, and things to come ;

'*Mopsus* has said, I must despair.

'*Thyr.* Which *Mopsus* ? He who speaks so fair ?

'And with grave smiles declares events :

'Dark and treacherous to deceive

'Such as suppose his Oracles divine.

'He tells them, with a solemn look,

'Things that will never come to pass,

'His Prophecies prove always lies.

'Believe me, for I know him false.

'Be chearful, you have cause enough

'To hope your fortune will be good,

'Since *Mopsus* has pronounc'd it ill.

'*Amin.* Tell me, if you'd revive my hopes,

'What makes you, *Thyrfis*, think him false ?

'*Thyr.* When I first settled in these Plains, I lov'd

'Like you, to hear him talk, and thought his words

'As wise as they were grave, but quickly found

'*Mopsus* a Cheat, and what he talks of, Lyes.

'For once, when I resolv'd to go and see

'The

' The famous City which adorns the banks
 Of our great River, and by that's adorn'd,
 ' I told him my intentions, as a friend,
 ' And thus the envious Hypocrite reply'd,
 ' You know not, *Thyr*sis, what you have resolv'd,
 ' Nor the vast danger you're about to run ;
 ' For Treason reigns within her Marble walls,
 ' Where nothing kind or honest's to be found,
 ' And ev'n the name of friendship is unknown:
 ' Her Citizens grow wealthy by deceit,
 ' By treachery her Courtiers grow renown'd ;
 ' On Downy Beds, and under Gilded Roofs,
 ' Both seem to sleep, yet both are kept awake,
 ' By plotting death and ruin for the weak.
 ' A thousand horrid Fiends, in various shapes,
 ' Stalk thro her streets, all ready to destroy
 ' Such innocent and easie fools as you.
 ' There you will hear 'em laugh at your rude mien,
 ' Despise a Shepherds life, and mock our Songs.
 ' But above all, her shining Palace fly,
 ' Let nothing tempt you to approach her Gates.
 ' *Amin.* And what could he suggest, to have you shun
 ' So rich a sight, which I should long to see ?
 ' *Thyr.* He told me, all things were Enchanted there ;
 ' That the pretended Diamonds were but Glasse,
 ' And all their Golden Vessels real Brass :
 ' That empty bags her massy Coffers fill'd :
 ' And her high Walls were rais'd up with such art,
 ' That they can hear and answer what is said :
 ' As Eccho answers in these Woods to us,
 ' This difference only, that they sometimes speak
 ' What they ne'r heard, which Eccho never does.
 ' That every thing you meet there has a Tongue,
 ' Thus prepossess'd by him, I went to Court,
 ' But soon was undeceiv'd by Glorious Quires
 ' Of Heavenly Virgins, who like Syrens sung ;
 ' Their voices sweeter, but not half so false.
 ' Charm'd with their notes, a while I stood amaz'd,

Amintas, a Pastoral.

11

'Till a great Prince, magnificently drest,
'His air majestick, and his mien sublime;
'A Prince, *Amintas*, destin'd by the Gods
'To vanquish Tyrants, and secure us Peace,
'Invited me, as rude as I appear'd,
'To see the Glories which adorn'd his Court.
'I enter'd then, but never can relate
'The Miracles I saw : a thousand Suns
'Shot forth bright Rays, and lookt as they were warm :
'I saw young Goddesses in all her Rooms :
'But met with one so eminently fair,
'Her mien so graceful, and her looks so sweet,
'That 'tis not strange if I could be deceiv'd,
'And fancy'd that she was the Queen of Heaven.
'I saw the Muses painted with their God,
'Our Sage *Elpinus* sitting pensive by :
'And from that minute felt a noble fire
'Rage in my breast, and I resolv'd to sing
'Of War, and scorn the dying notes of Love :
'Tho since, to please another, I'm oblig'd
'To quit the City, and return to you :
'Yet my Pipe still preserves her Courtly note,
'Like the loud Trumpet in our Forests sounds;
'*Mopsus* has listen'd, and admires with shame,
'To hear such Musick eccho from our Woods ;
'Asham'd to find that I have prov'd him false,
'And seen so much, and learnt to sing so well.
'Will ye believe still ?
'*Amin.* I'm glad to hear
'We have such reason to mistrust his words
'On your success my happiness depends.
'*Thyr.* Depend on my success and have a care,
'The nearest way to ruin 's to despair.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

AH! the Golden Age is past,
 Which our happy Fathers blest;
 When whate're they long'd to taste,
 They but wisht for, and possess.

The Meads were painted still with Flow'rs,
 The Birds ne'r ceas'd to sing;
 And then, without the help of show'rs,
 They saw eternal Spring.

Rivers then with Milk were fill'd,
 Honey from their Woods distill'd;
 None attempted then the Main,
 Nor expos'd their Lives for gain:
 Free from danger, want or care;
 Free from tumult, noise and war:
 They a thousand Joys possess,
 Peace and Plenty were the least.

Ah! the Golden, &c.

' Honour, whose Laws are so severe,
 ' So hard to be obey'd;
 ' Who reigns with so much rigor here,
 ' Ne're o're their pleasures sway'd.

' The only maxim which they knew
 ' They were by Nature taught,
 ' That what they had a mind to do,
 ' They might, without a fault.

' The Virgin never blush'd to shew
 ' By day her naked Charms;
 ' And when she lov'd a Swain, would go
 ' With freedom to his arms.

' By

Amintas, a Pastoral.

17

' *By Woods, on Greens they danc'd and play'd,*
' *In Fountains kist and toy'd;*
' *The youth then boldly took his Maid,*
' *And what he lik'd enjoy'd.*

' *But now when men the blessing want,*
' *They long must court the fair in vain;*
' *For Honor will not let 'em grant*
' *The pleasure they deny with pain.*
' *'Twas honour that first swell'd their hearts,*
' *That taught 'em shame, and to be coy;*
' *To frown, and use those little arts,*
' *Which only cheat 'em of their joy.*

' *Hence thou Idol Honour, hence;*
' *Leave us to our humble sports;*
' *Reign in Cities and in Courts;*
' *Honor is the child of Pride:*
' *Here let Nature be our Guide:*
' *Hence thou Idol Honour, hence.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Daphne, Thyrsis.

Daph. **I** Knew long since *Amintas* lov'd
The haughty *Sylvia*, and Heaven knows
Have oft endeavour'd to dispose
Her heart to be as much concern'd
As he deserves, and I could wish:
But all that I can say's in vain,
For Bears and Tygers may be tam'd
Sooner than such a simple Maid,

D

Ac

As proud and silly as she's fair :
 Who, ignorant of what she does,
 Or that her Eyes are arm'd with death,
 Commits new Murders every hour
 And kills when she has no design to wound.

Thyr. Where, *Daphne*, can you find a Maid
 So weak, so innocent, so young,
 As to be ign'rant of her Charms ?
 They early deck themselves with smiles,
 They know the wounds their Eyes have made,
 They know too what will cure those wounds,
 And raise their Slaves from misery to bliss.

Daphne. Who teaches 'em all this ?

Thyr. The same
 That teaches Nightingales to sing,
 The Peacock how to spread his Plumes,
 That teaches Bulls to use their Horns,
 The Ram to push, and Fish to swim :
 Nature instructs em what to do,
 Without the Mother or the Nurses help.

Daphne. Nay *Thyrfis*, now I plainly see
 Thou'rt both malicious and a fool ;
 But to speak truth, I don't believe
 That *Sylvia* is as ignorant
 As she pretends ; for t'other day
 I found her in the little Isle
 That stands in yonder spacious Meads,
 Encompass'd with a Crystal Lake ;
 In whose clear Waters she beheld
 Her Beauties ; ravish'd with the sight,
 She seem'd to ask 'em how to place
 Her hair, and put her Garland on ;
 She often with her Cheeks compar'd
 A Rose, and Lillies with her Neck ;
 On Rose and Lilly then she look'd
 With scorn, as if she said, O Flow'rs,
 Yield, yield to me ; I wear ye now
 That you may blush to be outdone,

And not for ornament, for see
I've better Graces of my own.
While thus she with the Waters play'd
She look'd around, and spy'd me out,
She drest herself in haste, and dropt
Her Flow'rs, asham'd to be perceiv'd.
I laugh'd aloud, and she I saw
Was more asham'd to see me laugh :
Yet did not dress her in such haste,
But to the Fountain once or twice
She ran, to see her hair was set
In order, and with pleasure saw
Those locks in sweet confusion flow,
Which haste had forc'd her to neglect :
I look'd and laugh'd, and said no more.

Thyr. I ever did believe as much,
Tho I could never prove it true.

Daph. I've heard that once the Nymphs and Swains
Scorn'd to adorn themselves by art ;
Nor was it thus when I was young,
But now alas! the world grows old,
And older as it grows, decays.

Thyr. The Citizens then seldom came
To us, the Shepherds seldom went
To them ; but all things now are chang'd :
We learn their manners, and forget
Our Customs, by observing theirs.
This, *Daphne*, is not our concern ;
D'ye think that *Sylvia* ne're will let
Amintas talk with her alone,
Or when you only shall be by ?

Daph. I can't tell,
She's extremely proud.

Thyr. And he respectful to extreams.

Daph. Respect in Lovers is a Vice ;
You, who are his friend, should tell him,
That to succeed he must be bold ;
Sollicit, sue, entreat, demand :

And if this method may not take,
 Seize on the blessing he desires.
 Don't you know, *Thyrsis*, womens tricks?
 They only fly to be pursu'd,
 Refuse what they would have ye take;
 And fight that you may overcome.
 I tell you freely all our faults,
 And beg they may not be expos'd.

Thyrsis. You need not fear that I will speak
 More than you would have me say;
 But I conjure thee by the thoughts,
 The pleasing thoughts of thy past youth,
 That you'll assist *Amintas* in his Love,
 And save the wretch from death.

Daph. By my past youth, the only thing
 Which if I could I would forget,
 Yet this you now conjure me by:
 Well, what is't you would have me do?

Thyr. You want no counsel, you can tell
 As well as I what must be done
 To save him, if you're so dispos'd.

Daph. *Sylvia* and my self anon
 Are to bath us in the Brook
 Which is from *Diana* call'd;
 Where the Nymphs that love the Chase
 Play beneath the Plantain shade,
 In the fiercest heats of noon:
 There I tell you *Sylvia* baths,
 And leaves naked all her Charms.

Thyr. What then?

Daph. What then? Why thou'rt a fool,
 Can't you guess my meaning then?

Thyr. I guess your meaning, tho I fear
Amintas will not dare to do't.

Daph. Not dare! then truly he may stay
 Till she seeks him.

Thyr. 'Twill be no more
 Than he deserves.

Daph.

' *Daph.* Enough of this :

' Let's now talk something of your self ;

' D'ye never, *Thyrsis*, think of Love ?

' If I remember well your age,

' You're not much older yet than he ;

' This is the season of desire :

' Methinks you should not waste your youth

' In idleness, but long to taste

' What 'tis to Love,

' For that's the only comfort of our lives.

' *Thyr.* The man who hates to be in Love,

' May be as fond of its delights,

' As one that languishes in tears ;

' He shuns the bitter, and enjoys the sweet.

' *Daph.* The bitter relishes the sweet ;

' The pleasure you come at with ease,

' Soon cloy's, and is not half so great,

' As that which you must get by pain.

' *Thyr.* And I had rather soon be cloy'd,

' Than always hunger after food.

' *Daph.* But when the food is once possess'd,

' 'Tis then you taste it with delight,

' And fain would taste again.

' *Thyr.* Who can be when he will possess

' Of such rich food ?

' And taste it when his hunger calls ?

' *Daph.* He that ne'er seeks can never find.

' *Thyr.* 'Tis dangerous to seek the Joys,

' Which pleas'd perhaps when they are found,

' But plague us more if mist.

' When sighs and tears are not requir'd,

' *Thyrsis* may be in love again ;

' I've wept and sigh'd my share, and now

' Let others take their turn.

' *Daph.* You could not stay for your reward.

' *Thyr.* Rewards may be too dearly bought,

' And such I'm not ambitious of.

' *Daph.* You'd better be inclin'd, than forc'd to Love.

Thyr.

- 'Thyr. 'I, who from the reach of Love
 'Live so far, despise his power;
 'By my distance I'm secure.
 'Daph. Who lives beyond the reach of Love?
 'Thyr. Such as fear and fly his snares.
 'Daph. Such as fear him fly in vain,
 'Love has Wings as well as Fear.
 'Thyr. When young his Feathers are so short
 'He hardly can extend his Wings,
 'And has not strength enough to fly.
 'Daph. None perceive him when he's young;
 'E're you're certain of his birth,
 'His Wings grow large, are fit to spread,
 'And he has strength enough to fly.
 'Thyr. Those who have been never caught
 'May be tempted by his Baits.
 'Daph. Well, let's see if you can still
 'All his baits and snares escape;
 'Do your best, for if at last
 'You should be surpriz'd again;
 'If I ever hear you sigh,
 'See you languish, weep and mourn;
 'If you should be griev'd to death,
 'And a touch, a step, or word,
 'Would assist thee in thy Love,
 'Thou shouldst want such little helps,
 'And dye unpity'd with despair.
 'Thyr. Could ye, *Daphne*, see me dye?
 'That indeed would be severe:
 'If you long to see me Love,
 'Love me then, and I am thine.
 'Daph. You mock me, Youth, but you may know
 'I'm too young to be despis'd.
 'Thyr. You're so fair you may be sure
 'All was real that I said:
 'But as Women use to do,
 'You refuse me, I must bear it,
 'And will strive to be content.

'Daph.

- ' *Daph.* Be content, and live in peace,
 ' Live in Idleness and Rest,
 ' Rest and Idleness beget
 ' Tender Wishes, Wishes Love.
 ' *Thyr.* While in this calm repose we live,
 ' And fear for nothing but our Lambs;
 ' The fields abroad are spread with Tents,
 ' The Swains there change their Crooks for Spears,
 ' Their harmless Virgins are expos'd
 ' To all the insolence of Lust.
 ' While we enjoy celestial ease,
 ' And dread no Enemies but Wolves,
 ' Shall I in Loves soft bosom sleep?
 ' No, *Daphne*, I'll extend my voice,
 ' And sing the wonders of the Man,
 ' The Godlike Man, who drove the foe
 ' Far from these Woods, and gave us rest.
 ' But lest my rustick Muse should wrong
 ' His fame by her inferiour praise,
 ' Like some whom *Phæbus* ne're inspir'd,
 ' Who with vile Songs his name abus'd,
 ' When they'd have rais'd it to the Skies:
 ' With awful silence let me wait
 ' Till Heaven the Hero shall restore
 ' Triumphant to us from the War,
 ' Then with fresh Roses strew his way,
 ' And lay new Garlands at his feet.
 ' *Daph.* You soar aloft: pray if you please,
 ' Descend, and think of our affairs.
 ' *Thyr.* You say you have agreed to meet
 ' *Sylvia* at the Fountain, where
 ' You intend to do your best
 ' For our miserable friend.
 ' I'll go seek *Amintas* out,
 ' Send him to you, but I fear
 ' He will be as loth to come,
 ' As she would be to have him.
 ' *Dap.* I'll go before, and should you follow,
 ' Make as if you came by chance.
 ' *Thyr.* I will see. Yon *Amintas* comes.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Amintas, Thyrsis.

Amin. I Fain, methinks, before I dye,
 Would know how *Thyrsis* has succeeded :
 If he can do more than I
 Have done, and *Sylvia* will not hear
 With patience any one that speaks for me,
 Here on this spot of Earth I'll end my pains,
 And in her presence finish with my breath,
 The tortures of my Soul.
 The wounds which in my breast my hands shall make
 Will certainly transport her, since
 With so much pleasure she beholds
 The wounds which in my heart her eyes have made.

Thyr. Courage, *Amintas*, I have news
 To tell thee that will bring thee hope.

Amin. Ah, *Thyrsis*, is it Life or Death ?

Thyr. 'Tis Life and Joy, if thou art bold enough
 To meet 'em where they're to be found :

But then, *Amintas*, 'tis requir'd

That thou shouldst shew thy self a Man ;

A Man that dares do any thing for Love.

Amin. What must I dare ? and whom encounter ?

Thyr. Suppose your Mistress, in a Wood,
 Encompass'd with high Rocks, where Wolves,
 Where Lyons, Bears and Tygers lurk,
 Would you to get her venture there ?

Amin. I'd run as joyfully as e're I went
 To Dance and Revel at our rural Feasts.

Thyr. Suppose her in the hands of Thieves,
 Amidst arm'd Robbers, would you venture there ?

Amin.

Amintas, a Pastoral.

25

Amin. Swift as parcht Stags to cooling Waters run.

Thyr. Something more daring, something yet more bold
Than this, is to be done to make thee blest.

Amin. I'd leap into the Ocean, when the Waves
By ruffling Winds are mingled with the Clouds :
I'd waik thro Fire, or else, as I've been told
Orpheus once did, descend to Hell
To find my *Sylva* out, but sure
'Twould not be Hell if she were there.

Tell me then where I am to go ?
And what I am to do ?

Thyr. *Sylvia*, naked and alone,
Attends thee at *Diana's* Brook :

Amintas durst thou venture there ?

Amin. What dost thou tell me ? *Sylvia* wait
Naked and alone for me.

Thyr. Alone, if *Daphne* is not there ;
And if she is, you're safe in her.

Amin. Wait for me, and naked !

Thyr. Naked — But —

Amin. But what ? Speak out, thy silence kills me.

Thyr. But 'tis not certain that she waits for thee.

Amin. This ruins what you said before :

Ah ! if you were not sure of that,

Why, *Thyrfs*, did you say so much ?

Why did you shew me joy so near,

And fling me from my hopes so soon !

Sure 'tis not friendly to insult

O're one in misery, like me :

Did you believe my griefs too light,

That you encrease their weight ?

Thyr. Be rul'd

By me, you shall be happy still.

Amin. What would ye have me do ?

Thyr. Go seize

The Maid, while Fortune is your Friend.

Amin. Ah ! Heaven forbid that I should think
Of any thing that would displease her,

E

Whom

Whom I will ne're offend but by my Love:
 And if my Love offends her,
 'Tis her Beauty's fault, not mine:
 In all my actions I resolve
 More to consult her pleasure than my own.

Thyr. If not to Love her were in your power,
 Would you cease loving her to please her?

Amin. Love will not suffer me to think
 Of loving her no more: But if
 'Twere in my pow'r, 'twould ne're be in my will.

Thyr. If you could cease your Love, you'd still
 Continue it in spite.

Amin. No, not in spite,
 Yet I would Love her still.

Thyr. Tho it were against her will.

Amin. Rather than not Love at all.

Thyr. Why won't you then against her will
 Go take the blessing she denies?
 Because she knows not yet how good
 'Twould be to grant the favour you desire.
 If she at first may be a little vent,
 She'll soon be well contented with the fault.

Amin. Love answers thus to what you say,
 You have by long experience learnt
 To reason of those things with art:
 But tho your argument's too strong
 For mine, yet I'm convinc'd that 'tis not right.
 Love, with my tongue, confines my wishes,
 And will not suffer 'em to stray,
 Where *Sylvia* would not let 'em rove.

Thyr. Then you resolve you will not go?

Amin. Yes, I will go, but not where you
 Advise.

Thyr. Where then?

Amin. To Death, if you
 Can tell me of no other way
 To life; if this is all the good
 That you can do me by your help.

Thyr.

Amintas, a Pastoral.

27

Thyr. Is this so little then ? And canst
Thou fancy, foolish as thou art,
That *Daphne* would have bid us come,
If she, who knows what *Sylvia* thinks,
Believ'd 'twould give her such offence ?
She thought perhaps that 'twas not fit
For you and me to know as much
As she of *Sylvia's* Soul : Besides,
Enquiring farther in so nice a case,
Instead of pleasing will displease.
You often wisht that you knew how
To please her, you may do it now :
No matter if you take by theft
The joys you covet, or by gift ;
When once they're tasted she'll forget
The Crime, the sin will be so sweet.

Amin. But how can I be sure that I may go ?

Thyr. You can't be surer than you are :
She would, as decency requires,
Be angry, if you sought to know
More than *Daphne* bid me tell you.
Or how can you, on t'other side,
Be sure she would not have you come ?
Since then you may perhaps be thought
As guilty should you stay ; Proceed :
For tho 'tis faulty oft to dare,
'Tis always criminal to fear.
Your silence shews that you're convinc'd,
And your conviction promises success.
Come, follow me, I'll lead the way.

Amin. Ah, stay a little.

Thyr. Stay ! You know
Time flies us.

Amin. Prithee let us think
A little more of what we have to do.

Thyr. We'll think a little more then as we go.
Come, you may alter if you tarry,
Things too much thought on frequently miscarry.

CHORUS.

*Tell us, Cupid, in what Schools,
By what masters, by what rules,
We must be taught to Love :
How thou dost inform the weak,
Teach the ignorant to speak
So much like you above.*

*' The Learn'd whom Athens breed,
' And Phæbus oft inspire,
' May solemn Lectures read
' On Love, and want its fire.*

*'Tis thou alone dost warmth impart,
Our thoughts and words improve ;
And only those who learn thy art
Of thee, should sing of Love.
Inspir'd by thee, the rudest mind
In softest notes complains ;
Wit then in Savages we find,
And Eloquence in Swains.*

*' Lovers by broken words and sighs
' Their meaning can express ;
' And by their carriage or their Eyes,
' We may their wishes guess.*

*' Others then may read the wise,
' I'll read only Celia's Eyes,
' Gazing there with much delight
' I'll take up my Pen and write.
' And being thus inspir'd, will try
' Who's more elegant than I.*

ACT

ACT III SCENE I.

Thyrsis, Chorus.

Thyr. **O** Cruelty extream! ungrateful Maid!
 Oh most ungrateful Sex! and thou
 Oh Nature! careless of thy Sons,
 Why hast thou plac'd in Womens eyes
 All that is amiable and kind?
 And hast forgot to mould their Hearts as soft,
 Or make 'em with their Eyes agree.
 Ah, poor *Amintas*! miserable Youth,
 Where hast thou hid thyself from human sight?
 I've sought thee every where in vain;
 I fear the transports of thy rage
 Have hurry'd thee to do a thing
 For which we all must mourn: But see,
 Perhaps those Swains can tell me where
 Thou art. Ah Shepherds have ye seen
Amintas?

Chorus. You seem concern'd:
 What reason have ye for these tears?

Thyr. *Amintas*, poor *Amintas*, is the cause:
 Have ye not seen him lately?

Chorus. No;
 We have not seen him since he went
 With you towards yonder Wood; but why
 D'ye ask so earnestly?

Thyr. I fear
 He has kill'd himself since that.

Chor. *Amintas* kill'd himself! for what?

Thyr. Another's hatred, and his love.

Chorus. When two such Enemies unite

What

Amintas, a Pastoral.

'What can they not effect? Explain
'Your self more clearly: what d'ye mean?

Thyr. He lov'd a Nymph too much, and she
'Too much despis'd him for his love.

Chorus. Ah tell me all, while you relate
The story, some may come this way,
And bring us news of him you seek:
Perhaps *Amintas* will himself
Before you've finish'd it, arrive.

Thyr. Yes, you shall know it, for 'tis but just
That such ingratitude should be
As infamous as 'tis extream.
Amintas heard (I told him where)
Alas! and brought him to the place)
That *Sylva* was with *Daphne* gone
To bath 'em in a neighbouring Brook,
Fearful and dubious there he went,
His heart still bidding him to stay,
As I perswaded him to go,
And thus as he inclin'd to stop,
I push'd him on, and forc'd him to proceed.
As we approach'd the Brook, we heard
A womans lamentable cries,
And *Daphne* presently appear'd
Beating her Breasts, and looking wild,
As if some horrid thing was done;
But when she spy'd us, she cry'd out,
Help, fly, or *Sylva's* ravish'd, fly.
Swifter than Leopards on their prey
The amorous *Amintas* flew,
I follow'd, and behind the Boughs
Saw the young Maid, all naked bound,
Her hair, which in bright tresses us'd to flow,
Now ty'd her to a Tree: What once preserv'd
Her Virgin Bosom from lascivious looks,
Was now the fatal Instrument
To hurt her Modesty, and bind
Her arms about the rugged Bark:

Her

Her tender feet were ty'd with twigs:
 And o're against her I perceiv'd
 A wicked Satyr, who had then
 Just fasten'd her for his design:
Sylvia, as well she could, strove
 To hinder his attempts.

Chorus. But what
 Could she have done at last?

Thyr. *Amintas* like a Lyon fierce
 Rush'd on the Satyr with his Dart,
 I pick'd up Stones, and was prepar'd
 To help him, when the Monster fled
 Far from revenge, and left our friend
 Behind, who now had time to gaze
 On all the Beauties he ador'd;
 He saw a thousand hidden Charms,
 Which set afresh his heart on fire,
 And easily one in his looks
 Might read his wonder and delight,
 Who mingling with his Love Respect,
 Thus in submissive accents spoke:
 Forgive, fair Maid, forgive these hands,
 If they with too much boldness touch
 Your heavenly body, thus expos'd.
 Oh! *Sylvia*, murmur not at fate,
 Who sent me here to set you free.

Chorus. Such words would soften Rocks,
 And melt the most obdurate heart.
 What said she now?

Thyr. Nothing; but lookt
 On him who sav'd her, with disdain;
 Asham'd to be thus found, and loth
 To be by one she hated, freed.
 She strove with all her art to hide
 Her Breasts, and keep 'em from his sight.
Amintas coming up with fear,
 Unbound her Hair, and as he touch'd
 Her Locks thus said. Oh barbarous Tree,

Unworthy of these sacred knots,
With which we Lovers only should be bound:

Ah how couldst thou such Beauty wrong!

Then trembling he unty'd her arms,

Whiter than Ivory or Snow,

And bending to the ground, began

To break the twigs which bound her feet;

But *Sylvia* rudely push'd him off,

And spite of his respect, commanded

Him proudly not to touch her feet.

Hence Shepherd, touch me not, she cry'd,

For I'm *Diana's*, and can looke

My feet without your help.

Chorus. Oh! how

Could she with so much pride reward

Such services, and such respect.

Thyr. *Amintas* modestly withdrew,

And durst not look on her again,

But what he long'd so much to see,

With pain deny'd himself, afraid

To be by her he lov'd, deny'd.

I, who behind the Covert stood,

And saw and heard what he had said and done,

Was oit by just resentment mov'd,

And hardly kept from crying out,

To see how haughtily she us'd

The man to whom she ow'd her Life,

Or what is dearer than her Life,

Her Honour, by his means preserv'd.

And yet, oh strange ingratitude

When with much trouble she had unty'd

Her Feet, away she ran, and scorn'd

To bid the Swain adieu: She flew

Fast as a Stag, but had no cause

To fear *Amintas*, who had shewn

Such proofs of wonderful respect.

Chorus. What made her fly?

Thyr. She rather chose

Aminas, a Pastoral.

33

To owe her safety to her flight,
Than to *Aminas* love.

Chorus. She shew'd in this
That she delights to be ingrate:
Where went the Shepherd then?

Thyr. I know not.
Justly provok'd, I ran to stop
The Nymph, but she was gone too far:
When to the Fountain I return'd,
In hopes to find *Aminas* there,
I found him not, and fear he's gone
To end his troubles with his Life.

Chorus. Tho Lovers often talk of death,
Few of them practice what they talk.

Thyr. I wish he may be one of those.

Chorus. He will, you may be sure he will.

Thyr. I'll go to Sage *Elpinus* Bow'r,
There, if he lives, perhaps he's gone.
Elpinus Pipe has often sooth'd his griefs,
Compos'd his thoughts, and gave him rest:
Rocks listen to the Shepherds heavenly Songs,
Ev'n Mountains by his Musick charm'd
Have danc'd, and Rivers flow'd with Milk:
Honey from Briars have distill'd,
And dying Lovers been with pleasure fill'd.

ACT III SCENE II.

Aminas, Daphne, Nerina.

Amin. OH! Pityless pity, cruel friend!
To snatch away my Dart, with which
I might have ended all my woes:
The longer I retard my death
'Twill be the sharper when it comes.
Ah! *Daphne*, why wouldst thou perswade
A wretch to live in misery?
But all thy reasons are too weak,

F

The

The hopes that thou wouldst give me vain;
Why wouldst thou flatter me from death;
Since 'tis my interest to dye?

Daph. Despair no more, for if I know
Sylvia's mind, 'twas more her shame,
Than fear or scorn that made her fly.

Amin. There's safety in despair; but hope
Would quickly ruin me: I see
You only would by specious hopes
Prevent my death a while: for what?
Ah! can there be a torment worse
Than Life to such a wretch as me?

Daph. Live wretched, as thou thinkst thy self,
And under all thy pains support
Thy heart, that after so much woe,
Thou mayst, tho late, o'come 'em, and be blest.
Let this encourage thee to hope,
Think on the Beauties thou hast seen:
And, as thou justly mayst, expect,
That all those treasures will be thine.

Amin. Fortune and Love did only shew
Those Beauties to me, that my Eyes
Might see the riches I'm deny'd.

Ner. Why, like the Raven, must I be
The omen of bad news? Ah poor
Montano! how wilt thou survive

Thy Daughters loss, thy *Sylvia's* death.
The death of one thou lov'dst so well?
No more a Father now, at least
Without a Child.

Daph. I hear the voice
Of one that talks of death.

Amin. I hear
My *Sylvia* nam'd, it strikes my heart:
Who calls on *Sylvia*?

Daph. Ha, *Nerina*!
'So dear to *Cynthia*, so fair
'Her face, so white her hands,

Her

' Her mien so soft, so full of grace,
' That she's the glory of our Woods.

Nerina. 'Tis necessary thou shouldst know thy loss,
Montano, that thou mayst procure
The miserable relicts of thy Child.

Oh *Sylvia*! oh unhappy Maid!

Amin. Ha! what of *Sylvia*? speak.

Nerina. Oh *Daphne*!

Daph. What wouldst thou have of *Daphne*? say.
Why dost thou mourn and call on *Sylvia*?

Nerina. I've cause to mourn, the fatal things
Which have been to day will make
You, him, and every body mourn.

Amin. What things? Ah tell me all! my heart
Chills at thy words: Speak, does she live?

Daph. Tell us what fatal things are done.

Nerina. Why have I liv'd, oh Heaven! to be
The messenger of these sad things.
Sylvia came naked to our house,
(You know perhaps the fatal cause)
Where being cloath'd the fain would go,
And forc'd me with her to the Chase.
We went, and in the Forest found

The Nymphs, who by appointment met,
Were ready to begin the sport.

When from the Thicket I perceiv'd
A Wolf of monstrous size rush forth,

Licking his bloody Lips, whose foam
Reeking and Crimson, made us shake with fear;

But *Sylvia* from her Quiver took
An Arrow, put it to the Bow

I gave her, which she nimbly bent,
And taking at the Beast just aim,

She shot him near the Head; the Wolf enrag'd
Fled to the Thicket: *Sylvia* drew

And brandishing her Dart, pursu'd
Him in the Woods.

Amin. Oh doleful story!

Of which, if 'tis so sad to hear
So much, what must it be to know
The rest.

Nerina. I, with another Dart,
Follow'd 'em by the blood the Wolf had spilt;
But could not reach 'em, they were gone too far:
I lost her in the Woods, yet still
Kept on alone, and wander'd thro'
The frightful Thicket, till I came
To its most unfrequented tracks,
Where *Sylvia's* Dart lay on the ground,
And at a little distance thence
Her veil; and while I gaz'd on these,
I spy'd seven Wolves around a Corps;
Who tore it with their bloody Teeth.
So eager on their Prey,
I saw the woful sight unseen by them;
With fear and pity mov'd, I turn'd
My steps, and got in safety home.
This, this is all that I can tell:
[Shows the Veil.
This all of *Sylvia* which remains.

Amin. Ah! thou hast told too much.
Oh! Dear Remains: Oh! precious Blood,
Oh *Sylvia*! now alas no more!

Daph. Ah! What, *Nerina*, hast thou said?
It strikes his Soul: he swoons, he dyes!

Nerina. Perhaps 'tis but a Lovers fit;
He breathes still; see, he comes to life.

Amin. Ah! Grief too mighty to be born,
And yet too weak to be my death;
This office for my hand's reserv'd,
And by my hand shall be perform'd.
If my misfortunes are so sure,
If *Sylvia's* dead, oh *Daphne*, why,
Why didst thou renew my pain,
By bringing me to life again?
How good, how pleasant had it been,
If n an extasie of woe

Thou hadst permitted me to dye :
 The Gods, who knew I should by this
 Prevent the torments they've prepar'd
 For me to feel, inspir'd your hearts
 With pity, that being forc'd to live
 I might endure 'em all ; and all
 I have endur'd, for *Sylvia's* dead :
 Nor is it possible for me
 To be more wretched than I am :
 And now methinks 'tis just that Heav'n and you
 And all should suffer me to dye.

Daph. At least defer it till you know the truth.

Amin. I know the truth, I know too much,
 And have deferr'd my death too long.

Nerina. Oh heaven ! I wish I had been mute,
 When I began the story.

Amin. Lend me, *Nerina*, lend the Veil,
 All that is left me of my love
 That on it I may feast my Eyes,
 The little way I have to go,
 The little time I have to live,
 That looking on her Blood, I may
 Go boldly to my doom : But oh
 What need such little helps
 To lead me to my end ?

Nerina. No, Swain,
 You must not have the Veil, if this
 Is your design : I'll not promote
 Your death.

Amin. Ah ! canst thou, Nymph, deny
 So small a favour to a man,
 Who ne're will ask another.

The fates still persecute me, still declare
 Against me, and in little things
 Shew what I must expect in great.
 Keep, keep the Veil, and live in peace,
 Let misery with me forsake these Woods,
 I go to other Shades, and never shall return.

Daph.

Amintas, a Pastoral.

Daph. Stay, stay *Amintas*, oh I fear
His fury.

Nerina. But we can't prevent
What he intends, he flies
Too fast for us; we should in vain
Pursue him, and in vain attempt
To stop him in his course.
In silence I'll their fortune mourn;
Let others tell *Montano*, if they please,
Few people thank us for such tales as these.

CHORUS.

*Ye Nymphs, no more take pains to hide
Your Love, but own your passion;
For Virtue if too nice, is pride,
And Coyness Affectation.*

*Cupid make our Virgins tender,
Make 'em easie to be won;
Let 'em presently surrender,
When the Treaty's once begun.
Such as like a tedious wooing,
Let 'em cruel Damsels find;
But for such as would be doing,
Prithee Cupid make 'em kind.*

*By a Shep-
herdess.*

*The fair in the City
Don't understand pity,
Yet vainly pretend they are wiser than we are:
But the Nymph of the plain
Should make much of her Swain,
And think that the wiser Maids are they're the freer.*

*By a Shep-
herd.*

*When we go to our Lasses,
To ask their good graces,
They ought to receive us, and each take her man;
And when we meet first,
Since both know the worst,
Let's agree to be happy as fast as we can.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Daphne, Sylvia, Chorus.

Daph. **T**Hanks to the Gods, that all our tears
Were needless, all our plaints and fears
In vain, since she for whom we mourn'd
Is living, and in health return'd :
Long mayst thou live, and Heaven protect
The Life, which you too much neglect.

Nerina in confusion said

Such things as made us think you dead :
I wish, to've sav'd us so much grief,
She had been dumb, or others deaf.

Sylvia. The risque was great, and had you seen
The mighty danger I was in,
You would your self have said so too.

Daph. Not if I had n't known it true:
Tell me the risque you ran, and how
You scap't the danger.

Sylvia. You shall know.

Too day I at the Chase pursu'd
A Wolf so far into the Wood
I lost my Game, I lost the track,
And turn'd on purpose to come back,
When with seven other Wolves I found
The Beast, and knew him by his wound :
Round some dead Animal they stood,
And tore its flesh, and lickt its blood :
The Wolf I shot soon spy'd me out,
And left his prey to meet his foe.
I with my Dart oppos'd his way,
Tho, mistress of my art, you know

I've

I very seldom miss my blow,
 Yet by bad luck I mist it now,
 And my Dart rested in a Bough :
 The Wolf at this more furious grew,
 And got so near me, that I knew
 My Bow would stand in little stead ;
 So to preserve my self I fled :
 And as I fled I was methought
 By something which oppos'd me, caught
 The Veil I wore hitcht in a Tree,
 And with my hair entangled me.
 I pull'd my Veil, I tore my hair,
 And yet was forc'd to leave it there.
 Wing'd by my fright away I flew
 Like air, and so got safe to you.
 Why, *Daphne*, are you now so sad :
 What, can't my safety make you glad ?

Dap. You live, I'm glad to find it true,
 And wish another was as safe as you.

Sylv. Perhaps you hate me, you appear
 No more concern'd to see me here.

Daph. I hate you not, I joy in your return,
 But for another's death must mourn.

Sylv. Whose ?

Daph. Poor *Amintas* :

Sylvia. Tell me how

He dy'd.

Daph. Ah ! that I want to know ;
 We are not certain yet he's dead,
 But we believe't.

Sylvia. What hast thou said !
 Ah, *Daphne*, say to what alas,
 Do people attribute the cause ?

Daph. Thy death.

Sylvia. Explain your self.

Daph. The news

He heard will certainly produce
 Some dreadful deed, Despair will lend

Him

Amintas, a Pastoral.

41

him arms, to help him to his end.

Sylvia. It may be your suspicions are in vain,
And, he as well as I, may rise again
From Death; besides 'tis very rare
For men to let their troubles go so far.

Daph. *Sylvia*, little dost thou know

What some men in Love will do :

Thou dost little think how much

Every accident will touch

Hearts of Flesh, and not of Stone,

Not so cruel as thy own.

Hadst thou known the man that dyes

Lov'd thee better than his Eyes,

Thou wouldst have been less severe,

And prevented his despair.

Had you seen him but to day,

After you were ran away.

Sylvia, you'd with reason fear,

Your disdain has gone too far.

'Such ingratitude you shew'd,

'To the man to whom you ow'd,

'Life and Honour, all that's dear,

'I can tell for I was there.

'I can witness what was done,

'Saw him save you, and you run,

'When sure, after that had past

'He deserv'd to be embrac'd.

Then I saw him take his Dart,

Turn the point against his heart,

Strike his breast, and from the wound

Saw the blood flow on the ground.

I came in, and much ado

Hinder'd him a second blow.

Sylvia, thus you see how far

Some are hurry'd by despair.

So much may by this be guest,

We have cause to dread the rest.

G

Syl

Sylvia. What have I heard ?

Daph. Things indeed,

Enough, alas, to make thee dread

What thou art yet to hear.

Thence as we were coming back

We met the Nymph, who by mistake

Inform'd us you were slain ; the youth,

Without examining the truth,

Believ'd, despair'd, and in the heat

Of grief, fell breathless at our feet.

We took him up, he breath'd again,

We strove to comfort him in vain ;

For all the reasons we could give,

Could not prevail on him to live :

But rushing forth, away he fled

To death, and I believe is dead.

Syl. D'ye really believe it ?

Daph. Yes.

Syl. Ah ! why

Did you not follow him, and fly

Fast as his fury, to prevent

The consequence of his intent.

Ah let us seek him out, and strive

To make him yet consent to live.

Since he that for my Death would dye,

Should for my Life revive.

Daph. We follow'd, but he flew like wind :

He left us panting far behind ;

And long e're this has done what he design'd.

Whither then, *Sylvia*, would you run ?

And who shall tell us where the wretch is gone ?

Syl. Ah, let us go where grief and pity lead ;

Haste, *Daphne* haste, or he'll be dead ;

By himself murder'd.

Daph. You would save

The unhappy Lover from the Grave,

To murder him your self : To you

You think the Glory's only due.

But

Amintas, a Pastoral.

43

But you've no reason to repine,
For let the blow be his or thine,
Twill be his death, and thou mayst see;
With comfort, that he dy'd for thee.

Syl. Daph. It torments my mind
When I consider how unkind,
How cruel I have been :
Pride I call'd Honour once, perhaps
'Twas Honour, but 'twas too severe ;
And such as will, if he is dead,
Sharpen my grief, my cruelty reprove,
And force me to repent I wrong'd his Love.

Daph. Oh Heaven ! She's pitiful, repents,
Her heart grows tender, she relents ;
She weeps——

Is thy pride humbled then ? O strange !
Whence, *Sylvia*, comes this mighty change ?
Whence all these tears, from Pity or from Love ?

Syl. Pity, not Love, attracts my tears

Daph. Pity's Love's Messenger, and shews,
As Lightning before Thunder goes,
Love is not far.

Chorus. When he'd surprize a Maid
Who of his Empire is afraid,
Who by false honour would defend her heart,
And be secure against his Dart,
He takes his Servant Pity's shape,
And in that figure few escape
His snares, he slyly wins on every heart,
And beaten off by force, prevails by art.

Daph. Love at first in storms appears,
Waited on by sighs and tears :
Love has touch'd thee, tho too late,
Into fondness turn'd thy hate.
Ah Amintas, Sylvia's chang'd,
Weeps for Love, and thou'rt reveng'd.
Now thou mayst the Conquest boast,
Which if living thou hadst lost.

Thou hast Dying left behind
 Such a sting in *Sylvia's* mind,
 As will work more mischief there,
 Than thou ever felst for her.
 Bees thus can't their Stings outlive,
 But perish with the wounds they give.
 If thou'rt, as I believe, a Spirit, fled
 From the bright mansions of the dead ;
 From heavenly Groves, and sacred streams,
 To play unseen about her Limbs,
 See, *Sylvia* weeps, behold how much she's mov'd,
 You lov'd alive, and are when dead belov'd.
 ' If Destiny had so decreed,
 ' That thou shouldst for thy Mistress bleed ;
 ' If in her thoughts she had resolv'd that this,
 ' Whene'er she sold her Love, should be the price,
 ' 'Tis thine, now thou hast done thy part,
 ' And with thy Life hast bought her heart.
 ' *Chor.* Too vainly sold, and bought too dear ;
 ' For him too hard, too infamous for her.
Syl. Oh that my Love could fetch again his breath,
 Or my heart purchase him of Death.
 Oh that my Life could be the price,
 I'd gladly part with it for his.
Daph. Too late you're pitiful and wise,
 Your tears are useless, and in vain your sighs.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Ergastus, Chorus, Sylvia, Daphne.

Ergastus. **P**ity and horror have so far
 Possess'd my Soul, I know not what.
 I hear or see, but every thing
 I meet, amazes and afflicts me.

Chor. What tidings hast thou brought, which make
 Thy looks thus troubled, and thy words
 Confus'd.

Ergast.

Ergast. I bring the bitter news
Of poor *Amintas* death.

Syl. What is't he says ?

Ergast. The noblest Shepherd of these Woods,
The kind, the gay, the gentle Swain,
Our Virgins and the Muses darling,
Young as he was, is dead ; but how ;
Oh ! who can tell, or hear it told ?

Chor. Tell all, that we may mourn with thee
His sad misfortunes and our own.

Syl. Oh ! how can I stay to hear
This most horrid story out ?

Where is all my fierceness now ?

Oh ! my heart, so haughty once,

Shew thy Pride, and if thou canst

Stay and hear it all unmov'd :

Speak then what thou hast to say.

Shepherd, let me know the worst,

Tell it me, I'm most concern'd ;

Speak, I'm ready for thy news.

Ergast. Nymph, I know thou art concern'd,

Dying, the Despairing wretch

Call'd on thee, and with thy name

Finish'd his unhappy Life.

Daph. Prithee begin the dismal tale.

Ergast. Sitting on yonder Hill, where I

Had laid some Nets, I saw but now

Amintas run that way ; his looks

Distracted, and his carriage wild ;

His eyes, his mein so chang'd, I thought

That something strange might happen since

I left the Vale : he spy'd and shunn'd me,

Fearing the worst ; I then pursu'd,

O'retook and stopp'd him ; he grew calm,

Begg'd me to go and see him do

A thing which he pretended then

He was oblig'd to do, but first

Forc'd me to swear I would not stir,

Beyond

Beyond the bounds he set, nor lift
 My hands to hinder him. I swore
 By *Pan*, by *Pallas*, by *Pemona*,
 And all our *Sylvan* Deities,
 (Alas! not thinking what he meant.)
 I would not stir nor lift my hands,
 Unless he gave me leave. This done,
 He led me to a Precipice,
 Where, from the margin of the H
 Directly down the pathless dale,
 Between high Rocks appears, my head
 Grew giddy, I stepp'd back, afraid
 To view the depth: *Amintas* smil'd
 And look'd serenely, which deceiv'd
 My fears, and made me more assur'd.
 Thus then he said——

Ergastus, tell

The Nymphs and Swains what thou shalt see,
 Since, since he cry'd, and then look'd down,
 The Gods will not permit my end
 To be the same with *Sylvia's*. since
 My Limbs must not be torn like hers,
 And I'm deny'd the Paws and Teeth
 Of Wolves to use, as they serv'd
 Her lovely Body : I must take
 Whatever death they please to send.
 These Rocks direct the way, I wish
 I had deserv'd the same with hers.
 But this is sure and short: Oh see !
 I follow thee, my *Sylvia*, don't
 Disdain my Company in death.
 I'd dye contented, were I sure
 'I would not displease thee, I should then,
 Oh *Sylvia*, follow thee with joy.
 I come, I follow thee, I come:
 And saying this,
 He threw him headlong down,
 While my heart chill'd to see him fall.

Amintas, a Pastoral.

47

Daph. Oh miserable youth!

Sylv. Oh Heavens!

Chorus. But why

Ergastus did you not prevent him?

Was it your Oath that ty'd your hands,

And kept you back?

Ergast. No, I despise

Such Oaths, and look on them as vain,

When I perceiv'd his folly went

So far, and his deliberate despair

Ready to fling him from the Precipice,

I ran to save him, and as fate

Would have it, came in time enough

To catch him by the Girdle, which

The burthen of the Body broke,

And left it rent thus in my hands.

Cho. Where went the miserable Body then?

Ergast. I know not what became of that.

Horror and Pity struck my soul

So deeply, I had not the heart

To see it dash in pieces.

Cho. Oh strange! Oh woful accident!

Sylv. Sure my heart is made of stone,

Or it must have bled to death,

E're the dismal tale was done.

Oh! if he could dye for me,

One who hated him so much,

When he falsely thought me dead,

What shall I do now, I know,

He is certainly no more?

I must dye, and dye I will:

Swords and Rocks are left for me:

This precious Girdle is preserv'd

To revenge its gentle Lord.

Unhappy Girdle! Dear Remains

Of thy more unhappy Lord!

Be not angry that thou'rt kept

From thy Master; 'tis to be

The

The Instrument of Vengeance
On the Maid for whom he dy'd.

I should, I own I should have been

Amintas kind Companion here;

But since I can't be so, I will,

By thy assistance quickly follow him,

And bear him company in Death.

Chor. Comfort thy self, poor Virgin, 'tis

The hand of Fate, and not thy fault.

Sylv. Why weepst thou Swain? if 'tis for me,

Weep not, for I deserve no tears,

No pity; I who never knew

What pity was: If 'tis for him,

For poor *Amintas*, thou mayst weep

A Sea of Tears, and yet want more.

Daphne, if thou dost mourn for me,

For Heavens sake, prithee mourn no more;

I beg, not out of pity to my self,

But out of pity to the man

Who merited thy Love, that thou

Wouldst help me gather up his Bones,

And lay 'em in a Grave; 'tis this

Which only shall prolong my Life:

This friendly office, all that I

Can pay him for his heart, shall be my care.

The Piety of such a deed

By my vile hands will be desil'd:

Yet I believe whate're these hands

Shall do for him will please his Ghost,

Since, spite of all his wrongs, I'm sure

He lov'd me to the last.

Daph. I'll go

And help you, but you must not think

Of dying after we've perform'd

Our duty to our friend.

Sylv. Hitherto I've only liv'd

For my self, the little time

That's now left me, I'll devote

To *Amintas*, if I can't
Live for him, I'll live at least
For his pale unhappy Body.
I must put off death a while,
Till I've seen it, and then end
With his Funeral my Life.
Shepherd, lead us to the Vale,
To the fatal Precipice.

Ergast. Keep this path, you cannot miss the way.

Daph. Come, I'll conduct ye, follow me;
I know the place, 'tis not far off.

Sylv. Farewel Shepherds, farewel Plains,
Woods and Streams, and all farewel.

Ergast. She heartily repents her scorn,
And talks as if she never would return.

CHORUS.

*Death in vain opposes Love,
Who conquers every Foe ;
To his Empire all above
Submit, and all below.*

*What Love unites Death seldom parts,
And what he parts Love often joyns ;
Triumphs o're Death, resists his Darts,
And will himself alone command our minds.*

*' Maids comply with Love in time,
' Ere your Error grows a Crime ;
' Ere he makes you yield by force.
' Ah, consider 'twill be worse
' To rebel, and be subdu'd,
' Than obey him as you shou'd.
' When he summons you at first,
' Yield, or else expect the worst :
' Late Repentance will be too
' Useless to your Friend and you.*

Death in vain, &c.

H

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Elpinus, Chorus.

Elpin. O H Love ! how rigid are thy Laws ?
 How much must all that once subject
 Themselves to thee, endure before
 They taste the promis'd joy ?
 Who, who would not have curs'd thy power,
 Rebell'd against thy sway, and sought
 Some other way to bliss ? if poor
Amintas had not escap'd the deaths
 Thy usage tempted him to seek.
 Ev'n we, who have ador'd thee long
 With much fidelity and zeal ;
 We, who have rais'd thy name above
 All other Gods, to whom we make
 Our own *Apollo* yield ; should then
 Have taught our Children to forget
 Thy worship, and forsake thy Temples.
 But now that our *Amintas* lives,
 We'll, if 'tis possible, forget
 Thy Cruelty, to bless thy Care.

Chorus. The Sage *Elpinus* comes and talks
 As if *Amintas* were alive :
 Ah Shepherd ! didst thou know the things
 Which we have heard to day ; the ills
 That Love has brought on all, thou wouldst
 Have little reason to forget
 His Cruelty, or bless his Care.

Elpin. Rejoyce, my friends, rejoyce, the news
 You heard is false ; *Amintas* lives.

Chor. Ah ! what, *Elpinus*, dost thou say ?
 How dost thou comfort us ? Is't false ?

Did

Did he not fling himself but now
 From yonder Hill among the Rocks ?
 Ah ! tell us how he was preserv'd ? what pow'r,
 What God was by, to save him at his fall ?

Elpin. Hear then what I shall say, no more
 Than I have with these eyes beheld.
 I've in the Desert Vale a Cave,
 Where *Thyrsis* came to me to day,
 Where, while we talkt of that proud Nymph
 Whose Fetters formerly he wore,
 And I at present wear, we heard
 A voice, and lookt up tow'rds the hill ;
 Whence, down the Precipice, we saw
 A Body tumble on a Bush.
 Just by my Cave, and near the Mount,
 A few tall Bushes rise from Box,
 And other Trees, which all unite
 In one ; on these we saw him fall :
 But, carry'd by the Body's weight,
 He rowl'd off thence, and at our feet
 Fell next ; the Bushes sav'd the blow
 So much, we took him up alive.
 He was yet speechless, and 'twas long
 Ere we had any other signs
 Of Life, besides his sighs and groans, which shew'd
 Us that he breath'd : But, oh !
 When we perceiv'd who 'twas, what tongue
 Can tell the fright which we were in ?
 Pity and wonder struck us dumb :
 Yet thinking by his breath, he might
 Still live, we were a little calm'd.

Chor. Oh wonderful Escape ! Oh thou
 Hadst cause, *Elpinus*, to applaud
 The Care and Providence of Love.

Elp. *Thyrsis* then told me what had past,
 The secret of his Love, and how
 Despair had hurry'd him to this.
 We fetch'd the Remedies we had
 At hand, and for *Alfibeus* sent,

Amintas, a Pastoral.

Who by *Apollo* has been taught
 The Art of Physick; when he came,
 He told us quickly, there were hopes,
 And as we wept to see him still
 Lye speechless in his arms he said
 We should not be surpriz'd at that;
 For, having searcht him well, he found
 No wounds, nor any thing which might
 With reason make us fear: 'Tis true,
 He said, he might be some time in a *Trance*,
 But after would recover soon.
 And having then perform'd his Art,
 He order'd men to bear him home,
 Who at a little distance hence,
 Are coming with our Friend.

Chorus. What Fools are men in Love? how apt
 To be deceiv'd, how ready oft
 To joyn with those they love to cheat themselves:
 What mischiefs have their false despairs,
 And groundless hopes begot? How near
 Was poor *Amintas* rash mistake,
 Depriving us of what we all
 Expected in our time to see,
 The grace and pleasure of these woods?

Elp. Alfibeus with his charge appears,
 And in his Looks we may discern,
 How much *Amintas* safely glads
 His soul as well as ours.

ACT V. SCENE II

Elpinus, Chorus, Thyrsis, Alfibeus, and Amintas born on a Couch.

Alfb. OH Swains!
 Oh Nymphs! Oh all that ever lov'd
 This youth, and who of ye that heard
 Him sing, Or saw him at our sports,
 But heard and saw him with delight?
 To *Phæbus*, and to Love, address

Your

Your vows, that once more you may hope
To hear and look on him with pleasure.

ACT V. SCENE III.

*Elpinus, Thyrsis, Alpheus, Chorus, Daphne, Sylvia, Amintas lying on
a Couch.*

Daphne. A H Shepherds join your pray'rs with mine!

Use all the Arguments which Grief

And Pity can inspire, to save

This Maid from ruine.

Stay, *Sylvia*, stay, till you've perform'd

What you resolv'd, and what you owe

Amintas Spirit, till the hands

Which you your self confess'd would please

His Ghost, to see 'em gather up

His bones, have laid 'em in a Grave.

Sylv. Some God, alas! has done what I

Resolv'd to do, and to revenge

Amintas wrongs, deny'd my hands

The glory of so just a deed.

Tell me, ye Powers! ah tell me where

You have convey'd my Love, and laid

His mangled Limbs? Direct me where,

That I may see 'em e're I dye:

That I may feast my cruel eyes

With objects equally severe:

And if I can, instruct my heart

To be more barbarous to my self,

Than e're it was to him.

Daph. Cease, prithee *Sylvia* cease your tears,

And don't torment thy self too much

For ills, thy sorrows can't retrieve.

Sylv. See, *Daphne*, how these Shepherds smile

At my Despair, how unconcern'd

They hearken to my griefs; ev'n I,

As savage as I was, scarce saw

Amintas mourn with so much ease.

Daph. Hence, Shepherds hence, and don't disturb

The wretched with untimely joy.

Syl. Not that I court your pity, or
Expect compassion, but methinks
Amintas death should touch your hearts;
And you should still consider me
As one *Amintas* lov'd. But oh!
You look on me as one that hated him,
You see his murderer in me, and set
Your souls against the cause of so much woe.
Oh! that you all could in this minute lose
Your native tenderness, and that your rage
Were equal to your hate, that I might soon
Be sent to meet him in those blissful plains,
Where he himself will treat me with more love.

Alfb. *Sylvia* forbear these sad complaints,
And don't afflict your self for things
Which heaven has wonderfully made
The subject of our joy, *Amintas* lives.

Syl. Ha, *Daphne*, whither are we got?
I heard a voice, which said *Amintas* lives;
And in the midst of grief invites to joy.
Ha! see what heavenly vision strikes my eyes,
Behold it well, my Friend, and tell me then
If any thing but my *Amintas* self
Could look more lovely. 'Tis *Amintas* self,
I know him now: I feel him at my heart,
It dances in my breast, and bids me do
What Love commands, and you must all excuse. [*Falls on Amin.*

Chorus. How can *Sylvia* do all this?
She who is so proud and nice
One would think should be ashamed.

Elpin. Shame sometimes, where Love is weak,
Keeps some Maids from being free;
But when it grows strong, like hers,
Love's too powerful for shame.

Syl. Where, where is he who said *Amintas* lives?
Let him come here, and tell me if he can,
Why his eyes languish, why he looks so pale?

Why

Why lifeless, when his *Sylvia* clasps him thus,
And deaf to all she says? Ah! speak, my Love,
Inform me if my glances hurt thy eyes,
And drive away thy Soul from what it loaths.
Whoe're thou art that said *Aminias* lives,
'Twas falsely said, and with a vile intent
To shew me hope, and leave me in despair.
He lives indeed, but in a better world,
Whence now methinks I hear him call on me,
And *Sylvia's* name is in *Elysium* sung.

Amin. Where am I? on what happy Region thrown?
What Musick wakes me from the arms of death,
And charms me with the name of my belov'd?
Oh! all ye Glorious Spirits, who in peace
And perfect bliss possess these sacred Groves,
Direct me to the Bow'r, where *Sylvia* waits
For me, whom now she can no longer hate,
Since all Paradise are friends.

Sylv. He speaks; he lives, and injur'd as he was,
Talks kindly of me still. Look up *Amintas*,
Look on thy *Sylvia* with thy usual joy,
And let thy Eyes speak kindly, like thy Tongue.

Amin. Who breathes new life into me with her kisses,
And quickens me with her embraces? Ha! my Love,
My *Sylvia* winding in my arms! I can scarce
Spare time to ask the meaning of these things?
Have not I seen you all, and been your friend?
And is not this the darling of my Soul?
Yes, yes, 'tis she; her Beauty shews 'tis she,
Nor could I feel such Transports with another.

Alfb. His Love prevents my Art, and he revives
Faster than I expected.

Elpin. But I fear
The violence of such excessive bliss
Will prejudice his health.

Chorus. I rather think
Its violence will help to cure him:
Alfibeus you must tell him what's
Most proper for his safety.

Alfb.

Alfo. I believe

His safety is fecund in *Sylvia's* Love

How fares *Ambros*?

Amin. Oh, all is well, and I begin to think
Love has for me done Miracles to day

Thyr. Love has indeed done Miracles to save
Thy life, and soften *Sylvia's* heart.

Syl. Tell us no more, I will interrupt our bliss

Let him not know what dangers he has leaped

When he reflects how barbarous I have been

He'll loath me for my Cruelty, and hate

A Maid who so unjustly hated him

Amin. Oh *Sylvia*! we'll not think of what is past

I'll not enquire how I became so blest

But thank the Gods and thee for what I know

As for the rest, thou couldst not but be so

And love decreed the troubles we have known

To shew his Pow'r, and make our bliss the greater

Etp. There's nothing wanting but *Marian's* word

To make em both as happy as they wish

Cho. They need not question his content

He longs to see his Daughters Sons

To sport about him and revive

His Age, and soon will grant what they desire

Alfo. Then let us to her fathers house repair

And see him join their hands, and share his joy

Amin. You all may by my late perceive

The Laws which Love prescribes Mankind

By which Eternally he rules

His Empire here

Are not fantastical and hard

As sometimes we suppose his works,

Tho they're mysterious, are wise

And such as we should never suppose

With how much art, two hidden ways

And paths unknown, he leads to bliss

And when we think him ready to destroy

He opens Paradise, and leaves our Souls in joy

F I N I S.